

The Children's Newspaper, February 27, 1943

THE SEVENTH WONDER OF THE WORLD

OUR country has arrived at what is perhaps the greatest opportunity in its thousand years of history, and we may all pray that it will be worthy of the solemn hour that will soon be ushered in by the fateful pendulum of time.

The problem will be whether we shall then be equal, with the United States and Russia, to lead the world to a human brotherhood. It goes without saying that this Island, battered and with all its scars, must be one of the chief cornerstones of the warless world in which all men and women are to have security and freedom and to walk with none making them afraid.

The Stream of Travellers

And so, on the eve of this momentous hour, it is good that we should think of ourselves and ask if all is well in our own land. A dull thing a Catering Wages Bill sounds, and yet it seems to us as great a constructive act of statesmanship as we could well imagine. There is no piece of the whole earth so packed with beauty and history as these islands, and yet they are presented to the traveller in the meanest way. They are the magnet of the world, yet when the world comes to see them we offer it some of the worst hotels that any man knows. This Bill will alter that, and will give a new dignity to our countryside.

It did not occur to the Brains Trust, in trying to answer a question about the wonders of the world, that the Seventh Wonder of the World is England. When these days are over all men will want to come to it. From every point of the compass they will pour into these islands that held the fort while Freedom put on its armour to battle with the destroyers of mankind.

We Must Wake Up

It has been said that there will be two countries for the tourist in the coming generation, our country and mighty Russia, and we can well believe it. How good it would be for us to see Stalingrad and Leningrad and holy Moscow, and to see the happy multitudes of peasant folk who drove back Hitler's Huns. If this Island saved the world by gaining time, the Russians have saved the future by giving the Germans the biggest thrashing of their lives. If we look at the countries on the map they are like David and Goliath, with Russia bigger than 150 Englands, but if we think of these years of life and death in which our fortunes have been linked they are bound together by the bonds of fate to save mankind. We shall surely go to Russia, and Russia will surely come to us, and with these never-ending streams will come the travellers of the world.

THE Government has done well to think of it, for it is more than time that the glory of these islands was realised by our people. There are few imports more important for us than the stream of tourists which would make its way to us if we were half awake to what we have to show.

Apart from the majestic highlands of Scotland and the mountains of Wales, we have in England alone ten thousand towns and villages with something as old as Joan of Arc. We are made up of all the ages

since Caesar came, and some of our monuments are older than Rome. We have towers still standing as they stood in Alfred's day, famous walls built by the Conqueror's men, cathedrals unsurpassed in Europe, and dazzling monuments in hundreds which hold us spellbound.

THE footprints of the Romans are in hundreds of our valleys and towns, and their camps are on our hills. The Roman builder's materials are in scores of our church walls. Hundreds of doors still opening into our village temples have been hanging on their hinges for centuries, some for 800 years. One of our cathedrals has half an acre of medieval glass in its windows, and the light falls through seventy medieval windows in the little churches gathered round it. The Brains Trust thinks we have no good sculpture, but the truth is that the sculpture in hundreds of our churches is worthy of any sculpture gallery in the world.

Our Cities and Towns

We have a gallery of brasses unmatched in any land, carving by medieval carpenters which cannot be beaten, and exquisite stonework worthy of the chisel of Michael Angelo. There is no end to the marvellous beauty of this country of great houses, great gardens, great cathedrals, and great churches, and they are packed with glory indescribable.

If we love the life of the city, London came into history about the time of the Crucifixion and has been growing more wonderful with every century since, and we have scores of cities which thrill any educated traveller who walks through them. We have a city in which Constantine was crowned as Roman Emperor; we have a city with a church which was there before Augustine came to bring us Christianity.

If we love the life of the medieval town we have a marvellous choice, and in all the world is nothing more enchanting than their winding streets, their overhanging houses, the timbered fronts with the elegant leaded windows, the ancient cross with its delicate figures, the little market house, the square, the narrow ways, the wrinkled roofs, and the 13th century church in which its people have gathered in their gladness and their sadness through all these generations. Wherever we go in this ancient land we may step into another world and walk down streets which have heard with fear the tramp of tyrants and marched with high hearts to the trumpet sound of liberty.

Our Ten Thousand Villages

If it is the village that we love there is no other land on earth that can match ten thousand here. Often they are like the gate of heaven on any summer's day, and they thrill with the story of the past. They are unique among all the things that men have made, and there are thousands of travellers who will tell you that a morning in our English villages may be more entrancing than a morning at the Vatican.

It is this that is behind Mr Bevin's Catering Bill—this, and the idea that we must save our matchless countryside from its chief blot, our bad hotels and tea-rooms. We must eat and sleep. Even though, having only

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CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

Our Cromwellian

THERE is not a soul alive in this country who will disagree with the Prime Minister's tribute to General Montgomery, who has brought his army out of Egypt and is now sustaining it 1500 miles from its base. Never, said our Prime Minister, had he seen a more gallant army than this, which marched past him in Tripoli as if it had just come from Wellington Barracks.

And then Mr Churchill said: "Let me also pay my tribute to this vehement and formidable General Montgomery, a Cromwellian figure, austere, severe, accomplished, tireless, his life given to the study of war, who has attracted to himself in an extraordinary measure the confidence and devotion of his army." Life is a melancholy thing without Beer, says a Ministry of Information pamphlet, but General Montgomery does not seem to find it so, for he neither drinks nor smokes. It seems that we can not only be happy but victorious without beer, and we hope the Ministry of Information will revise its pamphlet and note a fact of some significance to it—that it is a gallant teetotaler who has turned the tide of the war for us.

MR VALIANT



Winston Churchill—By Frank Salisbury

A colour plate of this portrait is being prepared by Raphael Tuck & Sons, Limited.

In the dramatic hours of the spring of 1940 Mr Churchill promised his compatriots blood, sweat, and tears: three years later he is able to announce victory. This period of time constitutes an unforgettable page in the history of England.

From the Seculo, a great Portuguese newspaper

The Peaceful Nations Armed

GREAT BRITAIN and the United States were formerly peaceful countries, ill-armed and unprepared.

They are now warrior nations, walking in the fear of the Lord, very heavily armed, and with an increasingly clear view of their salvation.

Our inflexible insistence upon unconditional surrender does not mean that we shall stain our victorious arms by any cruel treatment of whole populations. But justice must be done upon the wicked and the guilty, and within her proper bounds, justice must be stern and implacable.

No vestige of the Nazi or Fascist power, no vestige of the Japanese war-plotting machine, will be left by us when the work is done, and done it certainly will be.

The Prime Minister

NEVER WAS AN ENGLISHMAN LIKE THIS

Lord Nuffield and His Millions

LORD NUFFIELD would be the last man to count himself great in the sense that we call Shakespeare and Milton great, or Drake or Cromwell; but greatness has many phases, and most of us like best of all the use John Bunyan made of it when he named Greatheart, the friend who does not fail. In that sense Lord Nuffield is great indeed.

But if we think of his benefactions to the nation Lord Nuffield is beyond all question our unique Englishman, for he has given away more money than any Englishman who ever lived.

When last century was ending this marvellous man was running a little shop to repair bicycles. If you wanted a puncture mended, or a new handlebar, or a bicycle bell, or an inner tube fitted, he was your man, and he did the job well. You could rely on him. He hated to see a thing badly done, and slovenliness he could not endure.

When the motor-car came he had the great idea of a cheap car that would be good enough for a millionaire, and he made it—and became a millionaire. The rise of the Morris car has been a romance of industry.

Let the cynic and the pessimist and all the disgruntled misera- bles say what they will of our country and of the chances it gives to our lads. Here is the everlasting answer to them all. The cycle repairer has become a king of men, and has given away twenty-five million pounds.

It is hard for us to understand it, for a million is beyond all counting. There are not nearly a million words in the Bible. The fastest train, running night and day, would take about two years to go a million miles. A million people in a line would reach from Charing Cross to Falmouth Harbour. A gift of £500 would seem to most people a little fortune; the great mass of our population has never had £500 to play with. Yet Lord Nuffield, who has been giving his money away for six years, has given it away at the rate of £500 every time Big Ben has struck the hour.

He has astounded us all by his latest gift, for it is the biggest gift ever made to this country. Mr Harkness, the American, gave

us £2,000,000 to found the Pilgrim Trust. Mr Carnegie gave us £2,000,000 for education, Mr Rockefeller gave us £2,000,000, and the British War Relief Society of America has sent us £6,000,000. Altogether, taking the whole world, Mr Carnegie and Mr Rockefeller gave away £40,000,000 and £75,000,000, but the amount has been spread over long years, and we may wonder if either of them gave away £25,000,000 in six years; certainly no Englishman ever has.

Lord Nuffield, whose great ambition was to be a doctor, has given millions to medicine before, and millions to education; now he has founded a Trust which will have a fund of £10,000,000 to spend on medical research and teaching, scientific research and teaching, the development of health services, the pursuit of social studies, and the care and comfort of old people.

This great Trust will be in charge of seven trustees, and it is wonderful to think of its power of spreading knowledge and happiness. It will have a thousand pounds a day to spend without drawing on its capital, £1000 a day going out while the millions never grow less! It is a glorious thing to realise that all this wealth has been built up by a man who remains as simple and friendly today as when he was mending broken bicycles. It is the product of private enterprise carried on under happy conditions for all. We may like the Beveridge Plan—who does not?—but beyond all possibility of disliking is the Nuffield Plan, the making and the spending of the Nuffield millions.

Thousands of Jews Set Free

IT must have been like the ending of the war for the 2000 Jews set free in a village behind Tripoli the other day.

Free from the cruelty and torture and starvation of Mussolini and his Fascist brutes; free from the horror of the concentration camp; free from the gnawing anxiety about the future. The Italians had rounded up these thousands of Jews, stolen all they had, and thrown them into their torture camp, where our armoured cars found

them huddled together in their misery. Perhaps they feared more torture on seeing cars and troops arrive, but the truth soon dawned on them, and in an hour or less they were free again, and were agreeing on a written statement thanking God for the British Army, saying they had been robbed of all they possessed but would work for us, and calling on God to bless the British and Americans and hasten the triumph of the United Nations.

A Stroke of Good Fortune For the Blind

HOME GUARDS in a remote part of Scotland saved from destruction a valuable collection of Braille manuscripts. The safety of the volumes was considered so important that the National Institute for the Blind sent them from London as a precaution against air raids to a lonely castle in the Highlands.

A portion of the building was occupied by troops, and here a

fire broke out which quickly spread to the library, where the manuscripts were stored. Members of the local Home Guard rescued practically the whole stock of Braille undamaged.

All the books, which are loaned free to blind students as long as they need them, have been copied by hand from the letterpress editions, and they include 1400 theological works.

The Submarines

We shall beat the U-boats yet: Grave as the situation is in the Atlantic, we shall overcome it.

The sinkings last year up to November were the best for us since the war began, and since November have been half as good again. In the first year each U-boat accounted for 19 ships, in the second year for 12, and in the third year for 7 or 8.

Out of three million soldiers moved by the British Navy about the world only 1348 have been lost, so that it is, as the Prime Minister says, about 2200 to one against a soldier being drowned in a British troop convoy.

And we are building more and more; so is America, with the result that our joint fleet is bigger every day in spite of losses.

HITLER GOES THE WAY OF NAPOLEON

Surely and irretrievably Hitler follows the way of Napoleon.

Napoleon marched on Moscow and retreated to his doom.

Hitler marched on Stalingrad and has lost more men than Napoleon lost.

Napoleon struck a medal to celebrate the invasion of England which never happened, and Hitler has not been able to resist copying him in this, for Mr Churchill, when in Cairo, was shown a Nazi medal to celebrate the capture of Alexandria and the Suez Canal.

IF

If the public will only use bread when necessary there will be no need to ration it. Lord Woolton

If the public will only drink beer when necessary there will be plenty of bread for all. Arthur Mee

This Kind World

A train was panting in Leeds Central Station the other day, and on it were about a hundred airmen. Leeds meant no more to them than a brief stopping-place, but it means something now.

A middle-aged lady in black, whom nobody knew, walked on to the platform, gave the airmen a pound note apiece, and walked out again. All she would say was that it was her son's 21st birthday, and as he was a prisoner of war she was celebrating his birthday in this way.

A TALE OF RISING TUMBLERS

Why do cheap-quality tumblers, which used to cost a few pence, now cost us at least eighteen-pence in many shops?

There is a story behind the trouble, and some of it came out at an Edinburgh police court the other day. This was the Tale of the Tumblers.

The manufacturer sold them at less than 3d.

The first middleman sold them to another wholesaler at 5d.

The next intermediary paid 7s 6d a dozen and sold them to another firm at 8s 6d.

Then they reached the shop at a shilling each, and the customer paid a substantial increase on that price to the shopkeeper.

LITTLE NEWS REELS

TRIPOLI, said Mr Churchill in his great speech in Parliament, is "the first Italian city to be delivered by British arms from the grip of the Hun, and naturally there was lively enthusiasm among the Italian population."

The Prime Minister declares that the US General Eisenhower, Commander-in-Chief in Africa, is one of the finest men he has ever met; General Alexander is his deputy.

It is not now possible to send flowers by post.

Australia is establishing a new scheme of social security embracing some of the features of the Beveridge Plan.

Our hospitals are in need of ten thousand more nurses, and a Parliamentary Committee has proposed better conditions for nurses, including higher wages, a day off a week, and a month's holiday with pay every year.

We hear of a good way of celebrating Victory Day; a married couple at Spalding Congregational Church has promised to give the Minister a cheque for ten pounds.

At a busy period in York station the other day, when many Service men and women, together with crowds of civilians, were rushing for their trains, they were for a moment arrested by a voice from the station loud-speaker; it warned them to keep a watch on their tongues as enemy agents might be listening to pick up any items of valuable information.

In Galashiels Polish troops have given the church a stained glass window as a memorial of their happy time in the neighbourhood, the window being the work of Lieutenant Bunsch, a distinguished Polish artist.

The National Committee on Cycling, advocating that hard tyres wear better than the slack ones, comments that there are over 2000 tons of rubber round the bicycles of Britain.

One of our correspondents has seen a street sign in the city of Lahore, India, indicating London 6753 miles.

During 1942 the Royal Indian Navy built two and a half times its total of ships in 1940 and 1941.

Seventh Wonder of the World

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two farthings, we buy hyacinths with one we must buy bread with the other; and it must be admitted frankly that the catering in our countryside, with magnificent exceptions, is a national disgrace.

We have been driven, on our journeys through this heavenly country, into hotel after hotel no better than a pigsty, rooms with windows that would not open, bathrooms locked, wardrobes broken, towels in rags, water-pipes rattling all night long, holes in the floor, wretched lighting, and food like that which the Minister of Agriculture sent back the other day because nobody could eat it. Even in towns where the hotels are better the staffs are too often in need of protection, as everybody knows; they are ill-paid, ill-fed, and ill-housed. Why is it that the servants of the catering trade depend on public charity?

For raising steam in locomotives the LMS is using a mixture of coal and waste wood from the company's carriage works and other sources.

IN twelve months the RAF has saved about 1,344,000 old razor blades; weighing more than four tons, they have realised £570 for the RAF Benevolent Fund.

In the last war half the Canadian Army was British born, but to-day nearly all of the Dominion's overseas army are Canadian born.

A refugee from Silesia has just completed the first Braille transcription of the Bible in Hebrew, as a thankoffering for kindness received in this country.

In the recent Kent floods the YMCA workers had to transfer their tea urn and other equipment to a boat so as to maintain their daily service to lonely A A units.

A million-volt X-ray apparatus is being used by eight firms at Rochester, New York, to detect faults in metal castings.

Scout News Reel

Scouts of the 138th Birmingham Troop have accepted a challenge from a Bristol Troop to see which of the two will be first to collect 10,000 farthings for the B-P Memorial Fund.

The 17th Dorking Troop has received special commendation from the Surrey ARP Control for work in an invasion exercise.

THE 1st Newcastle (13th Stoke-on-Trent) Scout Troop was formed in 1908, and has carried on ever since without a break.

A concert given by the 1st Stanstead Abbotts Troop had to be repeated six times, in aid of the B-P Fund, Forces Comforts, and other worthy objects.

Scouts of the 4th Bermondsey and Rotherhithe Troop have been on duty as stretcher-bearers at a local hospital nearly every night during the past year.

THINGS SEEN

A hen-run in Grosvenor Square. A steeplejack coming down from his chimney to rescue two boys from a river.

We are beginning to think of the peace that will come again. Our workers will have holidays with hundreds of millions a year to pay for them, and they will want to see their own country after this long break in all our lives. The Army has a hundred thousand cooks well trained, and they will be ready for good jobs with good conditions and good pay. Even if we think of ourselves we must look forward to the need for fixing up our entertainment in the countryside on a fairer basis.

So that a Catering Wages Bill is not so dull a thing, after all. It should be one of the crowning achievements of reconstruction, and it is an ill thing to oppose so sane and wise a forward step in introducing our people to their own country, and in welcoming to our matchless Island those who come to see if it is really true that it is the Glory of the World. Arthur Mee



Desert Signaller

A British tank commander signalling to his squadron from the roof of a Crusader tank

ROAD BATTLE

Perhaps it is well to put on record the facts of the Road Battle of 1942, compared with the last peace year:

	1939	1942
Total killed	8272	6926
Children killed	1034	1315

The number of children killed in 1942 was actually greater than in the year which the war began. Fewer cars killed more children.

The figures refer to deaths only, but the number of injured is enormous. In December 1942 the injured were at the rate of nearly 160,000 a year. Such figures would shock us if they related to warfare; as a peace record they are disgraceful.

80,000 TONS OF SHIPPING SPACE

This letter from a member of the Royal Canadian Air Force comes from Egypt.

A poster on display in Cairo bears the following verse:

To carry beer
To troops out here
Takes eighty thousand tons a year;
Help use this space a better way
By drinking only one a day.

Some of that beer—and in heavy glass bottles, at that—comes from Canada. Of course by no means all of it comes from Canada, but there does seem to be enough coming to impede the movement of supplies of really combatant importance. I am not alone in feeling disgust at the sight of this flow of beer.

THE CHILDREN'S DINNER

DEAR EDITOR, Children are bound to suffer disastrous deterioration if we do not expand much more quickly with school canteens. The children need more proteins (for bone and body building) than adult manual workers (for energy and muscle replacement). This was accepted by Lord Woolton and the Board of Education in June 1940, and again in October 1941, when all schoolchildren were offered dinners on payment. But, sad to relate, our progress has been pathetically slow and even now, in 1943, only one child in six has the chance to buy a school dinner.

Have we not the vision to see that malnutrition will seriously affect the quality of our population and our empire for generations? And cannot we make even greater sacrifices to effect improvement and avoid debasement of the race? If we make up our minds I am sure we can. EDDIE WILLIAMS, Chairman, Children's Nutrition Council, Wales.

IT CAN BE DONE

In honour of the Durham Light Infantry's gallant work in the present war Durham's pitmen at the Hole-in-the-Wall Colliery, Crook, have produced in one week a record output of coal. The other Monday 65 facemen, 16 putters, and 27 other hands set out to increase the normal output of 636 tons by 100 tons, and at noon on the following Saturday they had drawn 802 tons.

Many of these miners have been entertained at the DLI Depot by the commanding officer.

THE MOTHER AND HER LITTLE LAMB

A pleasant little tale comes to us from the Isle of Man. A farmer's son one morning, hearing the plaintive cry of a lamb, found that the lamb was distressed because the mother was on the other side of a wide stream, where she had found some sweet young grass.

Wondering how the sheep had crossed, David noticed a tree trunk lying from bank to bank a little way off, and presently was interested to see the mother return along the tree, while the lamb skipped towards it. The mother was apparently coaxing the lamb to jump up, and after a few minutes the little one did so. Then the mother put her nose against the lamb's nose and walked slowly backwards so that the lamb, gaining confidence, crossed over, and both jumped down and enjoyed the grass.

David left them, knowing well, as he said, that the same intelligence would take them back to their own field when the time came.

THE WASTE COLLECTORS

We print this note from a correspondent because our own experience suggests that the collection of Salvage is on a very unsatisfactory basis.

Certain Kent villagers recently complained to their District Councillor that the man who collects refuse once a month had told them he could not take paper, rubber, bones, or scrap iron.

The councillor explained, but was not surprised to find that the villagers could not understand. The monthly collection of refuse is carried out by a parish council contractor, and all the rubbish and scrap collected is shot on to a dump. There is neither system nor labour for sorting valuable scrap from useless refuse. The collection of paper, metal, rubber, and bones is in the hands of voluntary workers, one steward for each type of scrap.

Villagers are expected to take their waste to collecting-points, some of which are nearly two miles away, and, as the amount saved in most households is very small, they often consider that a special journey is not worth while. They ask why the refuse lorry could not have a few bins into which they could throw the scrap they have saved.

A Giant Lies Low

OUR great sympathy goes out to a good friend of the CN and of its Editor, a popular doctor who has suffered a sorrowful bereavement in his garden at the entrance to Dulwich, the most attractive village left in London.

During the recent great gales a 70-mile-an-hour wind took down half the high fence round the doctor's garden, smashed the brickwork, and overthrew a glorious oak. This tree, by far the finest oak in Dulwich, revealed only its jaggedly-topped crown from the road, where the fence hid its immense trunk. It was fully 300 years old, yet 200 years short of its prime, and an impressive sight. The man who planted it may have remembered Sir Walter Raleigh sitting on the banks of a lost stream here.

Chemistry in the Bible

ACCORDING to Dr John Chappell, a diligent American student, the Bible contains a lot about chemistry.

When Moses engineered the building of the Tabernacle, about 1500 B.C. there was considerable metallurgy of gold and silver, and the peak of metallurgical skill was shown when Solomon, about 1000 B.C. had the Temple built.

Anyone who reads the Bible, especially a chemist, will notice the names of elements and compounds, and also implements or tools involving chemical processing. Gold is mentioned 386 times in the Old Testament and 26 times in the New, and

golden occurs 64 times. Iron is mentioned 95 times, bronze 152, lead 9, brimstone 15, tin 5, and copper once.

To emphasise the abundance of gold in Biblical times Dr Chappell points out that in one year nearly 32 tons of gold came into Solomon's possession.

The Queen of Sheba left over seven tons of gold, and King David left 250 tons of gold, 500 tons of silver, 2400 tons of iron, and 500 tons of bronze.

Only once is the word copper used in the Bible; it comes into Ezra: "And I weighed unto their hands gold and silver, and two vessels of fine copper, precious as gold."

FUTURE OF THE FLYING BOAT

The Sunderland Flying Boat is now famous, but its builders, Short Brothers, are confident that the future will see enormously greater flying boats, with a speed of between 300 and 400 m.p.h. This firm is now contemplating the construction, immediately after the war, of flying boats for passenger and freight service of a weight of nearly 100 tons. They are designed for a power plant of 18,000 h.p. a cruising speed of 275 m.p.h. and a fuel capacity giving a range of 3000 miles.

LEAVING IT TO GEORGE

The Automatic Air Pilot, familiarly known to the RAF as George, is now fitted to many British aircraft.

It is a device of extraordinary ingenuity, which prevents a crash when the pilot is wounded and incapacitated. What it does is to bring the machine to a level keel by rectifying any violent manoeuvre, as by pulling it out of a dive.

The George has now been further improved by making it operate no matter in what attitude the aircraft may be flying when the pilot becomes incapacitated.

INCREDIBLE BUT TRUE

A CN friend near Wakefield sends us a merry note suggesting a way of easing the shortage of watches.

He tells us the story of a farm labourer who can be seen on the estate farm near his home every day going to work with an alarm clock fastened across his back with a piece of cord. On being asked the time he lifts up his jacket and allows the inquirer to see the clock for himself!

CHINA'S MIRACLE BEANS

More than once the CN has sung the praises of the soya bean, which has been called the Cow of China because it supplies everything the Chinese peasant wants for food.

It has now been taken up by Russia and the United States with enthusiasm because it supplies innumerable long-felt wants; and before Hitler broke with Stalin he was importing through Russia 28 million pounds a year of these beans. But now all the beans go into Russian bins, though not before Hitler had accumulated considerable reserves; and it may be noted that one of the uses to which Hitler was going to put these so-called miracle beans was that of making a super explosive.

WHAT THE POLICEMAN SAID

We do not think Hitler will like to read about Miss Constance Parker, a lady who has just been released from Italy, where she has lived 15 years.

She says that nearly three-quarters of the Italian people are pro-British. She also says that the Germans have taken most of their wine and all their fruit.

Miss Parker received nothing but kindness from the Italians all the time she was in their country. And this despite war conditions which have left them with a bread ration of about four ounces a day. And what bread! Rye, beans, and even straw are among its ingredients. The Italians might be pardoned if they blamed us for this condition of affairs, but Miss Parker says they do not.

There was something else she said which was very interesting. As she crossed the frontier the police chief of a small French border town came up to her. "Tell the English to hurry," he urged; "we are all ready here."

HOSPITALS IDEA

Local government control of all hospitals after the war is strongly urged in a Report by the National Association of Local Government Officers.

The suggestion is that suitable areas should be set out, and the resources of hospitals pooled. It is thought that each such area should have a minimum population of half a million to secure complete service within it. All voluntary hospitals should be merged in the scheme, and maintained by national contributions and local rates.

The Association thinks public opinion will not much longer tolerate the support of hospitals by flag days and garden parties.

The EDITOR'S TABLE

The Word of Britain

WE have lived to see a great nation throw away truth and honour and build up its policy on lying and fraud.

No free nation on the earth today would enter into any relations with Germany or would accept its word in a treaty. For ten years the Lie has been adopted as the foundation of Germany's relations with the rest of the world, and the consequence is plain to all. Germany is facing her doom.

In this hour of the world's history, with this spectacle before us, the heads of the two chief nations in Christendom were planning some great thing, and Prime Minister Churchill offered to put the promise of the British Government into a treaty. Mr Roosevelt smiled and nodded No; *the word of Britain was quite enough for him.*

So the world marches on, with truth holding its head high and virtue well rewarded.

A BEVINISM

WE do not apologise for making this new word, for the occasion is worthy of it.

We do not know whether Mr Bevin reads his Bible every day as General Montgomery does, but he cannot escape it when he is at his best, as he was the other day in the House of Commons. We are all thinking of the Beveridge Plan now, but Mr Bevin was reminding us that even that is not everything, and he put his point in a sentence which surely will not perish, that *man cannot live by Beveridge alone.*

We think it is perhaps the wittiest thing said in this Parliament.

The Unpredictable

By Peter Puck

IN world affairs the present trends foretell the shape of things to come; But what a woman's hat portends Can no man say—it strikes him dumb!

Under the Editor's Table

LONDON'S buses are changing colour at the rate of 40 a week. The Nazis are doing it quicker than that.

THERE are 550 gas buses. But only the tyres get blown up.

IN North Africa Mr Churchill painted the Atlas Mountains. Thought they needed freshening up.

LETTUCE lends itself readily to cropping. Especially if a goat gets into the garden.

Peter Puck Wants to Know



If the United Nations have winning ways

Every Man and His Neighbour

Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.

Jesus to a lawyer who asked what was the greatest commandment

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, broadcasting after Casablanca, said that "Uppermost in our minds is our determination to fight this war through to the finish, to the day when the United Nations forces march in triumph through the streets of Berlin, Rome, and Tokyo."

We take this from his speech, hailed as one of his greatest:

IN every battalion and in every ship's crew you will find every kind of American citizen representing every occupation, every section, every origin, every religion, and every political viewpoint. Ask them what they are fighting for and every one of them will say "I am fighting for my country."

One will say he is fighting for the right to say what he pleases, and to read and listen to what he likes. Another will say he is fighting because he never wants to see the Nazi

Swastika flying over the First Baptist Church on Elm Street. Another soldier will say he is fighting for the right to work and earn three square meals a day for himself and his folks. A fourth soldier will say he is fighting in this world war so that his children and grandchildren will not have to go back to Europe, or Africa, or Asia, to do this ugly job all over again.

But all these answers really add up to the same thing: every American fights for freedom. And today the personal freedom of every American and his family depends, and in the future will increasingly depend, upon the freedom of his neighbour in other lands.

For today the whole world is one neighbourhood; that is why this war, which had its beginnings in seemingly remote areas, has spread to every continent and most of the islands of the sea, involving the lives and liberties of the entire human race. And unless the peace that follows recognises that the whole world is one neighbourhood and does justice to the whole human race the germs of another world war will remain as a constant threat to mankind.

The Indestructible

FROM the very beginnings of history the Jews have always been a persecuted race.

Now that they are being deliberately murdered by Germany more cruelly than at any other time we can think of, we recall the fine saying of Dr Inge that *The Jew has always stood at the graveside of his persecutors.*

We think it will be so again.

The Kitchen Fire

IT is said in a North-West and Midland report by Regional Coal Officers that there are still many people who think it beneath their dignity to sit by the kitchen fire. May we remind them of Cinderella, who became a princess?

March of Plastics

A NUMBER of important firms are extending their interests in the plastics industry, which yearly becomes of increasing importance. The basic material is not only coal, but crude oil.

This, in addition to giving us fuel oil and lubricating oil, yields products which are the basis of artificial rubber and plastics. It is therefore important that we should cultivate oil refining, which yields such a miraculous range of products that an American expert has said that its feats "might be likened to drawing wine or water from the same cask at will, or getting beef or pork from the same animal."

Plastics will become a great and vital industry after the war.

A Tree For a Tree

WAR demands are making a heavy call on British timber, and it is very necessary that a tree should be planted for every one that is felled.

We are glad, therefore, that the Timber Development Association has prepared a booklet describing the characteristics, cultivation, and uses of home-grown timber trees, noting the most suitable soils, aspects, and conditions for each type. The booklet can be obtained free from the Association at 75 Cannon Street, London, E.C.4.

JUST AN IDEA

A man may long for the lamp of genius, but it burns out quickly.

TREK ACROSS ASIA

The Kazaks and Their Herds

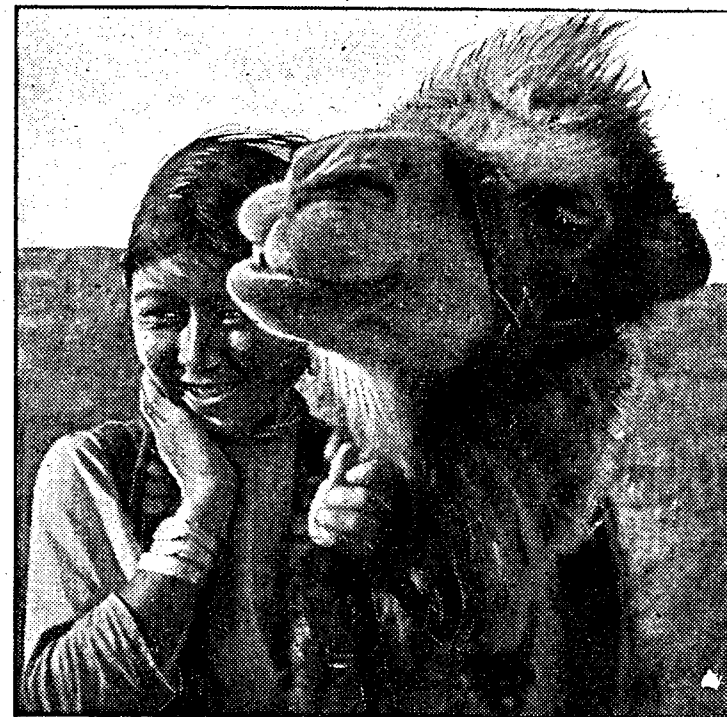
ONE of the most astonishing treks in history has been taking place during the last two years across the deserts and mountains of Central Asia. But for the war this trek of the proud nomadic Kazak people would have stirred world interest; as it is, news of it has only just reached this country.

The Kazak people live among the Altai Mountains in Outer Mongolia, on the borders of China's most westerly province of Sinkiang.

These tribesmen are rich. They own thousands of sheep and great herds of goats, camels, horses, and yaks. Their garments are adorned with gold buttons and lined with silver thread, and their belts have clasps of precious metal. It is puzzling to

have heard of a fabulous, rich, and peaceful land to the south. In a place called India, the rumour ran, they could live quietly, with plenty of grass for their flocks; so turning his back on China, the Kazak's sturdy 40-year-old chieftain Ali Yas Khan led the remnants of the tribe south.

Their road led across the highest tableland in the world, the Karakoram plateau of central Tibet. The Kazaks set



The Best of Friends—a Kazak maid and her camel

know what has led to this exodus across a terrible desert and over the Himalayan mountain ranges, where many have perished.

It is said that, disliking increased Russian and Chinese interference with their nomadic life, the Kazaks decided to go south to the rich grazing lands of Kashmir in North India.

The nomads did not want towns and farms. They liked the freedom of the mountains and the plains and their own felt tents, the life they had lived since the time of Genghis Khan.

Sinkiang is cut and laced by towering mountains. One of the oldest traditional ways out is the flat, salty waste of the Gobi Desert. This way the great caravan of Kazaks started. There were 20,000 people, with huge herds of sheep, camels, and squat Mongolian ponies.

No one will ever know how many of the Kazaks and their animals died in the desert, but the caravan finally came into the long pan-handle of Kansu Province. Kansu was not better than Sinkiang. The Chinese Moslems did not welcome their visitors from the west, and for two years the Kazaks fought a constant guerrilla war. Then, in desperation, they decided to move on, as Tartar tribes have done for time immemorial.

Somewhere along the bleak caravan routes the Kazak leaders

their faces toward the blue, snow-capped 20,000-foot wall of the Himalayas, worked their painful way through steep, narrow gorges over wind-filled passes.

Four hundred miles north-east of Lhasa, Tibetan soldiers stopped the caravan, but finally it was allowed to go on. Many a Kazak was killed by bandits; many animals died in storms.

At Demchok, on the border of Kashmir, the caravan met a band of soldiers, and wearily prepared to fight yet another battle. Then, at a parley, they learned that they were facing British border troops from Kashmir. All the Kazaks wanted, they told the Kashmir officials, was a place to graze, land where they could live. To reach their final camp the Kazaks had a last ordeal—to lead their camels and herd their sheep over the 11,300-foot Zoji-la Pass. When the great caravan pitched its tattered tents at Muzaffarabad only 3500 Kazaks were left.

The latest news is that the Kazaks are still waiting contentedly in their camp. They watched delightedly as the little ambulance of the Kashmir Animal Welfare Association chugged into camp to doctor the sore feet of their camels. The black-eyed, round-faced children played cheerfully after so many months strapped to high, silver-mounted saddles on the swaying backs of camels.

The Heroism of Michael Hudson

A friend of ours who has been walking in Northamptonshire asks us if we will not tell the little-known story of one of its heroic figures, Michael Hudson. Our friend saw the house at which Hudson fell into the moat, and this is the story.

MICHAEL HUDSON, born in the first years of the Stuart dynasty, gave all his years and his life to serve it.

At 25, he was a tutor to young Prince Charles, who later presented him to three livings, first in Lincolnshire, then in Kent, then in Derbyshire. In the end he arrived at the rectory of King's Cliffe, and on the outbreak of the Civil War he joined the Royalists and met the king after the Battle of Edgehill. He became a royal chaplain, and because of his frankness the king called him his plain-dealing chaplain.

He was made scoutmaster to the army in the North, and soon afterwards, when Charles resolved to give himself up to the Scots, he chose Michael Hudson and John Ashburnham to conduct him to the Scottish camp at Newark. Hudson was arrested and imprisoned in the Tower, but escaped disguised with a basket of apples on his head, and returned to Lincolnshire to raise a

regiment. With these troops he came to Woodcroft and made his headquarters here, defending the house with much gallantry.

But the Parliamentary soldiers were too strong for them, and Hudson yielded, being promised consideration. The word was given but was foully broken, and Hudson was flung over the battlements. He managed to catch hold of a projecting stone or a spout on the tower, whereupon a soldier cut off his hands and he fell into the moat. He cried out that he wished to die on land, but another soldier knocked him on the head with his musket, and still another mutilated him in an unspeakable way. His body was carried to some unknown place and buried there, the whole of his estates were forfeited, and his wife and children were reduced to poverty. He was a hero on the losing side, and he perished six months before the king for whom he lived so gallantly and gave his life at last.

A NEW EMPIRE STAMP

NEWFOUNDLAND comes out with another new stamp. It is for thirty cents and is scarlet, not quite the same tone of scarlet as our British penny, but the same as the USA two cents.

On it is pictured the Memorial University College, which was erected in 1922, and is part of the national memorial to the sons and daughters of Newfoundland who gave their lives in the last war. In proportion to its population, which numbered some 270,000, Newfoundland sent a larger proportion of her sons than any other Dominion to fight. They were in the Navy, especially helpful in mine-sweeping. They supplied a regiment of infantry which fought in Gallipoli and in Flanders. They supplied over 1000 lumberjacks, who produced the pitprops for our collieries.

Newfoundland decided to commemorate her gallant sons. One monument is a group of statuary

which the traveller sees as the ship brings him into the harbour of St John's, the capital city. The second was a University College.

Hitherto the schools had not taken their pupils much higher than matriculation. If any scholars wanted a degree they had to go overseas to study for it. The Memorial University College, opened in 1925, offers Greek, Latin, French, German, and Spanish, and is fully equipped with laboratories for physics, chemistry, and biology. The Carnegie Corporation gave substantial help toward the expenses of maintenance and helped also with the Library. It has a full equipment for meteorology, and Great Britain gave the University a fine experimental station on the coast to carry on research in oceanography and thus assist the fisheries, on which Newfoundland depends mainly for its sustenance.

Rainbow Factory

IN the great factories which fashion the weapons of war there is the austere beauty of gleaming steel and masses of metal in movement, but the last thing we should expect to find is the loveliness of delicate colours. Mechanical efficiency seems to have little in common with gay tints.

The time may come, however, when engineering shops glow with rainbow hues, and the workers find themselves in surroundings that reflect the shades of a garden in June. Experiments in America have proved that it is possible to increase the production of a factory considerably by painting the various parts of the machines in harmonious or contrasting colours. When this is done scientifically and artistically the eye sees the machine as a pleasing pattern in colour instead of a shapeless mass of steel. The worker's

alertness is increased when the moving parts stand out against a background of a different colour, and there is a corresponding reduction of the risk of accidents.

This scheme for kaleidoscopic factories is a reversal of the idea of camouflage—a military vehicle is painted to make it imperceptible against the background, but in the factory the parts of a machine are painted to make them as conspicuous as possible.

During the experiments with coloured machinery it was also shown that the illumination of a factory can be greatly improved without burning any more lamps if the floor is of a soft light-reflecting shade.

Engineers and artists will become allies, and we can foresee that in future Royal Academies some of the most richly-coloured pictures will bear the title *Interior of a Factory*.

CARRY ON

THE DAWN

MAN knows not how he came or where he goes, The future hides in dim obscurity, And life's a raging sea that ebbs and flows Against the jagged rocks of destiny.

But soon the tides will kiss the sunlit sands, For dawn will leave these evil dreams behind; A voice divine will echo through the lands And wake the mercy dormant in mankind. E. Oxburgh

The Time of the Singing of Birds is Coming

OH, the thousands of linnets all singing together on one tree in the sandhills of Surrey! Oh, the carolling in the coppices and the dingles of Hampshire and Sussex and Kent!

At this moment (5 o'clock in the morning) the groves at Barn Elm are echoing with the warblings of thousands upon thousands of birds. The thrush begins a little before it is light; next the blackbird; next the lark begins to rise; all the rest begin the moment the sun gives the signal; and from the hedges, the bushes, from the middle and the topmost twigs of the trees comes the singing of endless variety; from the long dead grass comes the sound of the sweet and soft voice of the white-throat or nettle tom, while the loud and merry song of the lark, the songster himself out of sight, seems to descend from the sky. William Cobbett in Hampshire

SAIL ON

O my brave soul, O farther, farther sail. O daring joy, but safe; are they not all the seas of God? O farther, farther, farther sail. Walt Whitman

Better Than Gold

FINE sense and exalted sense are not half so useful as common sense. There are forty men of wit for one man of good sense; and he that will carry nothing about with him but gold will be every day at a loss for readier change. Addison

BE STRONG

STRENGTHEN ye the weak hands, and confirm the feeble knees. Say to them that are of a fearful heart, Be strong, fear not. Isaiah

Let the Poor Bless Thee

DO good with what thou hast, or it will do thee no good. Seek not to be rich, but happy. The one lies in bags, the other in content, which wealth can never give.

If thou wouldest be happy, bring thy mind to thy condition, and have an indifference for more than what is sufficient.

Be rather bountiful than expensive. Neither make nor go to feasts, but let the laborious poor bless thee at home in their solitary cottages. William Penn

The Things All Good People Must Fight For

WAR is a terrible evil, and it is right that a sense of the miseries which it brings upon the earth should be fully acknowledged and be constantly present to our minds. But there may be evils—such as slavery and oppression—which are greater still.

Never to resist or punish a great public wrong would reduce the world to anarchy. In this country any man of courage and spirit would rather die than submit to the yoke of the foreigner. The sword was not allowed to drop from the hands of our fathers while all that they held most dear seemed to be at the mercy of the great conqueror who overran Europe; and we, who are their descendants, would no more think of admitting the invader to our shores than of allowing the burglar or murderer to force a way into our houses. The justification is in both cases the same, the duty and necessity of self-defence.

So far the question which has been raised seems to answer.

itself; for no reasonable person doubts that on some occasions nations, like individuals, must defend themselves against assaults or attack. May we go a step farther and extend the term self-defence so as to include not only present but future dangers? May we go out to meet our enemy who is still far off, or must we wait until he is knocking at our gates?

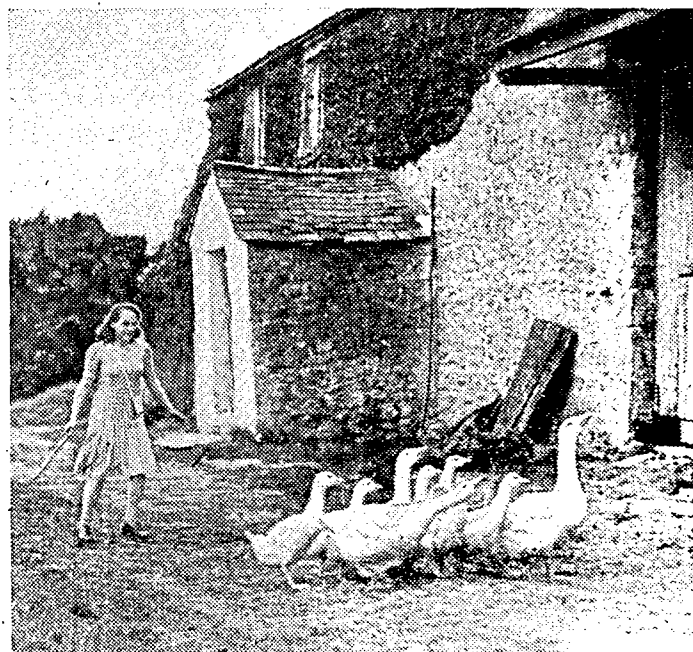
We must admit, I think, that distance makes no difference, and that a war in India or China may be as justifiable as the war nearer home. If we are to keep the citadel we cannot give up the outworks; if we are to defend our shores we must also secure the sea to our ships; and the greater the preparation for war, the greater also will be our chance of escaping from it. We must not make the love of peace an excuse for indolence, or vacillation of purpose, or impatience of the burden which we have to bear in order to assure to ourselves the blessings of freedom.

Benjamin Jowett

To You Who Build A STATE

KING VORTIGERN (so run the ancient tales) A stronghold sought to build in wildest Wales; But some fell Power made frustrate each assay, And nightly wrecked the labours of the day; Till Merlin came, and bade the builders all Dig deep beneath the many-bastioned wall; And lo, two dragons, o'er whose quaking lair Nought could rise steadfast, lay and wallowed there. Search the foundations, you that build a State:

For if the dragon forms of Wrath and Hate Do couch below, and darkly bide their hour, Fear walks the rampart, Fear ascends the tower, And let it not content you that they sleep: Drive them with strong enchantments to the deep. First of such charms is perfect justice: then The rare right word that conquers beasts and men. No subtler magic serves; no spells but these Drive the coiled dragons to the whelming seas. William Watson



The Goose Girl

A farmyard scene at Levens in Westmorland

HE MAKES CITIZENS OUT OF GANGSTERS

KENT, Britain's front-line county ever since the war began, has a new Chief Constable, Sir Percy Sillitoe, whom many people regard as the most able police officer in the kingdom.

Sir Percy is a South African, but he made his name here, first in Nottingham and later in Sheffield, and still later in Glasgow, from which city he now comes to Maidstone.

He was sent to Sheffield specially to deal with gangs of ruffians who were giving the City Fathers cause for much uneasiness. It did not take him long to deal with them, and he performed the task pretty forcibly. Then came Glasgow.

Here the gangsters were younger, and their homes were worse. Sir Percy made inquiries which satisfied him that the young hooligans of our second city were largely the victims of bad conditions of life. He called his policemen into counsel and secured their help in organising new centres of interest and recreation.

He felt that there was much good stuff in the raw material which made the young ruffianism of Glasgow, and determined to give it a chance. His men helped him readily and successfully.

Under his firm but wise and sympathetic control the slums of Glasgow changed their character. They are not exactly a Garden of Eden now, but most of the ruffianism has gone.

Boys who might have become criminals were given an opportunity to take part in better things, to join the clubs they never had before, and find both fun and adventure there. They learned to be proud of the city in which they lived, of their country and their Empire, and they became good citizens.

This was Sir Percy Sillitoe's doing. He had strength, but he

also had tact and understanding. The "corner boys" came to know him, and to like him, and today they are as proud of him as the rest of Glasgow, and as sorry to lose him.

Kent is normally a quiet county, with a modest record in crime. Chief Constable Sillitoe's job in the "Front-Line County" is nevertheless one of vital importance, for he has to control nine boroughs which have now been merged with the County Police under a new Home Office scheme. Maidstone, Canterbury, Gravesend, Dover, Rochester, Margate, Ramsgate, Tunbridge Wells, and Folkestone are their names. None of us needs telling that in these stirring days of 1943 a policeman's task in any of these places is rather more exciting than it was only four short years ago, but we may be sure that Sir Percy Sillitoe will be the right man at the head of this great force.

The Whitehall Way

This is how a Civil Servant informed the women of his department that they might come to work without stockings:

In common with other Government Departments, the Inland Revenue are requested to make it known to women members of their staff, and to all who are in charge of district and other offices, that in present circumstances stockings are not deemed an essential part of costume for official business.

16 Million Free War Workers

HOW THE BIRDS ARE HELPING

This is the time of year when those who are digging their gardens for Victory should keep a benevolent eye on the birds, for they are among our best helpers in the war; they increase our food supply.

Dr Walter Collinge, perhaps our most famous authority on such matters, has calculated that on the 32 million acres under cultivation in Great Britain there are 16 million birds, which in the course of the year consume 135,000 million insects injurious to crops.

The rooks, the seagulls, and the common black-headed gulls, all eat more insects than any other food whether they add vegetables or fish to their diet. The gull eats three times as much insect fare as fish.

The rule applies also to the birds of the garden, the blackbird, the thrush, and the tit. When, owing to the severe winters of the two years before the present one, there was a shortage of blackbirds, there was a 13 per cent increase of injurious insects. The thrush eats twice as much insect food, as fruit, and blackbird and thrush throw in their music to pay for the fruit. As for the blue tit, it eats 20 times more insects, by weight, than any produce of the garden. So do not grudge these benefactors their vegetables.

GOOD EARTH

A non-combatant army of Land Girls and men formerly considered unemployable have just completed a two-years job of reclaiming 1200 acres in Essex. London is now eating bread from the wheat grown on what for 40 years has been derelict bush land.

This gallant army of 400, under the leadership of Mr George Fearnside, Executive Officer of the War Agricultural Committee, used machinery that was considered as derelict as the land it cleared.

"We turned out old steam-engines," said Mr Fearnside, "and attached them with chains to trees thicker than a man. They grubbed up the bushes that grew so thick a person could not crawl through them, and hedges that had grown over ditches last cleared a generation ago."

The reclamation scheme extended over a wide area—from Corringham near the Thames to Cranham. Steam-engines, bulldozers, excavators and bull graders formed part of the mechanised unit that brought this rich Essex soil back into cultivation, and from 1000 acres the average yield of wheat this year was eight quarters an acre.

WIRELESS SETS

Mr Dalton, President of the Board of Trade, has assured Parliament that the shortage of wireless sets is being met in part by the completion of 100,000 new ones now in course of manufacture.

It is also hoped to maintain adequate supplies of valves, batteries, and parts. The production of a simple standard model has been discussed, but no decision has been reached.

THE TREES ARE COMING DOWN

Will They Leave Beauty or Slums Behind?

ALL over the world the trees are coming down. Great Douglas firs in America, giant firs in Norway, oak and elm in Britain, are crashing before the lumberjack's axe. The men of Newfoundland are dealing with the forests of the North of England and Scotland, and forest girls are learning how to wield the axe and the saw. The relentless needs of a world at war demand the sacrifice of the forests and plantations.

Timber enters into nearly every war need. Boxes for munitions, parts for aeroplanes, fittings for ships, miles of timber boards for camps, are a few of the needs.

In this country we have never been able to produce all the timber we need. Norway and Sweden used to send us great cargoes which are now going to Germany. So the United Nations have been thrown back on the colossal forests of the United States, which are being felled at a great rate.

Faster and faster war is cutting into America's timberlands. In the North-West, the South, the Lake States, and the North-East, where the chief lumber fields of the United States are, mills are working steadily to meet the heavy demands made by Army, Navy, Government, and public. This year those demands are record high, an estimated 39,000 million feet of wood, considered the second most important resource of a nation at war.

Yet, in this country of apparently inexhaustible supplies from virgin forests, nation-wide lumber shortages appeared at the end of three months of war. Not enough Sitka spruce and yellow birch veneer were at hand for the needs of aeroplane production.

Dwindling Forests

America's virgin forests have been going the way of its buffalo herds. Throughout the country, with the exception of the Pacific Coast, only remnants of the forests remain. What are left are losing more saw-timber than they grow. In Washington and Oregon, for instance, where 35 per cent of America's lumber is produced, 13,000 million board-feet are cut a year, but less than a quarter of that, we are told, is grown during the same period.

Both in Britain and America we are now suffering from the neglect of our forests. In America the abundance of timber during the past 150 years, the

existence of huge virgin forests, slowed down all plans for the maintenance of timber resources for both peace and war needs. Also, inborn in many residents of the country's timber regions was a distinct dislike for the close, towering trees that fought with them for the soil. Each year the forest had to be cut back. In areas of America's North-West, timber lines crowding about the homes of settlers 50 years ago have receded a mile a year.

In our own Lake District and in other parts of the country careful planting has gone on now for many years. National forests are growing up which will give us in years to come a more ample supply of timber, but our resources are small compared with America's.

The Mill Moves On

Forest land in the United States covers 630 million acres, one-third of the whole land area of the nation. Privately owned forest land in commercial use includes 341 million acres, producing 95 per cent of forest products and including 80 per cent of the productive capacity of all forest area.

But it is not enough to cut timber for war needs, though that is paramount at the moment. Soil erosion, injuries to mountain sides and rivers, all follow from bad afforestation. In America whole communities can be and have been wiped out by abusive cutting. Saw-mills gather to themselves settlements of workers entirely dependent on the lumber industry. A few years of indiscriminate cutting and the mill moves on. The community scatters, leaving behind rural slums.

Wood is helping to win the war, but it is true that by the way it is cut we can ensure for the future either a beautiful countryside or a wilderness of stumps and bushes.

Animals About to Die

DEAR EDITOR, I was very interested to read the article on "Animals About to Die," and would draw your attention to a lengthy discussion of the subject in relation to the South American Huanaco in The Naturalist in La Plata, by W. H. Hudson. In a chapter entitled "The Dying Huanaco," he says it is well known that at the southern extremity of Patagonia the huanacos have a dying place, a spot to which all individuals inhabiting the surrounding plains repair at the approach of death to deposit their bones.

After discussing other theories he gives as his own opinion that it has its origin in a habit

acquired by the animal in some past period of seeking refuge from some kind of pain and danger at a certain spot, and he goes on to trace what he believes to be the influence of changed climatic conditions, at some period remote in Patagonian history, which would cause the huanacos to herd together in places similar to those now used as dying places.

He concludes his discussion by pointing out that it is only at the southern extremity of Patagonia that the huanacos have dying places; in northern Patagonia and on the Chilean and Peruvian Andes no such instinct has been observed. ERIC S. WHITTLE, Foulby, Yorkshire

BEDTIME CORNER

PETER PIPER

PETER PIPER picked a peck of pickled pepper;
A peck of pickled pepper Peter Piper picked;
If Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled pepper
Where's the peck of pickled pepper Peter Piper picked?

The Nightingale That Sang By Day

A NIGHTINGALE that was singing by day was caught and placed in a cage.

He then determined to sing only at night, and when asked by a bat why he never sang by day, he replied:

"It was while I was singing in the daylight that I was caught, and so I shall be care-

ful not to sing by day again."

"Foolish bird!" said the bat. "You should have thought of that before you were captured. You are a prisoner now, and no amount of singing, by day or night, can alter your condition."

Many people are ready to do the right thing when it is too late.

Riddle

Why is a clock always shy?

Because it keeps its hands before its face.

PRAYER

GIVE me good sleep, O Lord,
and let me wake with a cheerful heart. As the sun lightens the earth, so may my cheerfulness brighten our home. Amen

THE VILLAGE TUCKSHOP



The Children's Newspaper, February 27, 1943

Village Green Going, Going . . .



Ploughing-up the village green at Great Bentley

HALF of the biggest village green in England is under the plough, half of its 42 acres on which children have played through many centuries. More food and yet more food must be grown, but some of us, with a special corner in our hearts for Essex, will be saddened by this news from Great Bentley.

Not that Great Bentley will grudge its green to the war effort. Essex has given too much, suffered too much, triumphed too much, to hold back anything. Many thousands of its sturdy sons have swelled the ranks of the three fighting services and the Merchant Navy. Its lifeboat-men and coastguards have done noble work. Its land has become a training ground for armies.

The boys and girls of rural Essex have again and again shown the most striking enterprise and devotion in doing their bit, in the intervals between air-raids. The women of Essex have striven like angels in every good endeavour.

When the Boys Come Home

OUR chief duty today is to win the war, yet it is time to think of the peace.

Glasgow is doing so. All Scotland is justly proud of the pilots and ground staff of the famous City of Glasgow fighter squadron, which was the first to defend the Scottish coast from air attack. Every member of this 602 Squadron has helped in some way to secure the magnificent total of 200 enemy planes destroyed.

Most of the members of 602 are still young, and many of them became heroes almost before their schooldays were over.

Never was a quiet and rather sleepy countryside awakened to a greater sense and pitch of fine duty, but it is not the first time this ancient village has proved its faithfulness. Great Bentley has a pathetic memory of the bitter days of Mary Tudor's reign. There lived here a family of three, William Munt, his wife Alice, and their daughter Rose, who belonged to a little group of people who used to gather together to read the Bible. There was a Judas among them, a priest named Thomas Tye, who left the group and reported its practices to Bishop Bonner. The agents of the torturers met Rose Munt and tried to shake her faith by putting her hand in a candle flame, but Rose declared that if she were compelled to burn she would be given the strength to bear it. William and his wife were over 60, but Rose was 20, yet when the three were thrown into prison she went there singing. In their death this little family was not divided, for all three were burnt together in Colchester.

Some were only beginning their careers. What is to happen to them? Will they be able to carry on with their studies when they come home? Can they hope for money enough to launch out in business?

It is such questions as these that Glasgow is considering now, and more than £3000 has been raised towards a fund of £20,000 to enable these gallant airmen to complete their studies or continue their apprenticeships. So far as we know it is the only fund of its kind in the country, but it might well be copied by all cities and counties.

SAFER TO GO TO WORK

America is doing much to remove the reproach that she is careless of human life. Well-placed effort has much reduced the death-rate in factories, and a student of the facts says:

When John Smith kisses his wife and goes to work his chances of coming home alive and well are just twice as good as they were 25 years ago.

Since 1913 the American Safety in Industry movement has saved 250,000 lives and prevented 25,000,000 disabling accidents, accidents that were sure to happen had industry continued along its old ways.

This has been done by competition among factory owners in safety contests. Railway workers have reduced their annual toll of accidental deaths from 8271 to 830. Safety rules have been drawn up, and all sorts of methods employed to inculcate Safety First. At the Western Electric Works, when a girl objects to wearing goggles to protect her eyes, the foreman presents a small package labelled "If it does not quite match when you want to use it, you can change it for one that does." When she opens the package she finds a staring glass eye.

SOME SOW BY THE WAYSIDE

We do not know whether it is a result of new "business blood" in farming or due to other causes, but the County War Agricultural Committees all over the country report that the farmer is turning, under the stimulus of war, into a keen experimentalist.

Apart from the now familiar use of the tractor, new varieties of seed and other novelties are being introduced. In Surrey, for instance, on the main road from London to Guildford, one can see half a dozen carefully-tended rows of wheat, the growth of which is being carefully checked by experts. Each row is of a different variety, with the object of finding the one most suitable to local soil and other conditions.

Children's Hour

Here are details of the BBC programmes for Wednesday, February 24, to Tuesday, March 2.

WEDNESDAY, 5.20 The Queen Smiled, a story by Janet Fraser for the youngest listeners, read by Tom Smith; followed by Indoor Team Games—two schools competing in Tongue-Twisting, Whistling, and Memory Tests; Scottish Shepherd's Stories by Scott Kennedy. 5.55 Prayers.

THURSDAY, 5.20 Katawampus—No. 3, Krab's Story and the Home Coming.

FRIDAY, 5.20 Part 2 of Arthur Ransome's serial The Big Six; followed by Olive Shapley's Letter from America; and Songs for Children by Michael White, sung by Gelda Waller.

SATURDAY, 5.20 A Welsh Folk-Song in the Kremlin, told by Virginia Soermus; and the Four Clubmen singing songs of Wales and Russia; also Night on the Marshes, a talk by William Aspden.

SUNDAY, 5.20 Snow White, a fairy tale retold.

MONDAY, 5.20 The Lady of the Fountain, a play about the Court of King Arthur.

TUESDAY, 5.30 Out with Romany—among birds and animals.

**BEER COSTS SHIPS
Why Not Ration It?**

AN ENGLISHMAN GIVES HIS HOME AWAY

The Beautiful Story of Wytham Woodlands

No man can count the good things that are always being done in the world, even now. Oxford University has been marvellously enriched by an act of generosity which stirs our pride and gives a little tug at our heart-strings.

The benefactor is a Londoner and an Empire man. He was born in London 72 years ago, and, having made his fortune in South Africa, he is giving it back to his Motherland, as so many South African patriots have done.

Colonel Raymond Fennell (an ancient name spelt without capitals) was in South Africa 21 years, and Johannesburg has a convalescent home for children founded by Mrs Fennell and named after her. They came home to England in the last Great War, and they had a beautiful and brilliant daughter, Hazel Fennell. She was their only child, full of promise, loving wild life, and she very early showed her talent as an artist, expressing herself by sculpture. Then she died, and Colonel Fennell and his wife were left alone with one of the most beautiful homes in England, the delightful Wytham Abbey estate of 3000 acres outside Oxford, on the Berkshire side of the Thames.

It has fields and meadows and farms and woodlands, with noble oaks and beeches covering hundreds of acres, and with ash trees said to be unsurpassed in this country. Through these woods, run some of the ancient roads of England, packhorse tracks from medieval days, and artists by the hundred have peeped through these trees to make sketches of the landscape.

Beyond the woodlands are agricultural lands, and in the heart of the estate is the 17th century manor house, a lovely English home. In this house lived the Fennells, and here they proposed to remain as long as they live.

But it long ago occurred to the colonel that all this loveliness belongs to England, and that its

inspiration should be nourishing the English spirit everywhere. So the Fennells invited the elementary schools of Oxford to spend a day at Wytham Abbey every week, carrying on their work in these beautiful woods. The invitation was widened so as to bring down here groups of London children for a fortnight's camping, class-rooms and dormitories being built for them.

But that is not enough for the great heart of Colonel Fennell, who has now preserved all this beauty for ever by offering it to Oxford University, much of it as a free gift, some as an investment. About 1000 acres of the woodlands come to the University at once; the house and 300 acres round it will be theirs in due season; and the farm lands are to be bought by them so that the educational work of the estate can be carried on.

What it all means is that Oxford University has now a marvellous oasis of 3000 acres which nothing can spoil. Here it can pursue its studies or enjoy its leisure. Here it can build new colleges. There are lands set apart for Boy Scouts and Girl Guides. There is a great wood to be open to the public so that the people may share this glory with the University. And there is also one strip of woodland close by the highway which must always be held sacred, not only for its beauty, but because it is to be held in memory of the colonel's only child, and to be known for ever as The Woods of Hazel.



Mother! Give Constipated Child 'California Syrup of Figs'

Children love the pleasant taste of 'California Syrup of Figs' brand laxative, and gladly take it even when bilious, feverish, sick or constipated. No other laxative regulates the tender little bowels so nicely. It sweetens the stomach and stimulates the liver and bowels without cramping or over-acting. Millions of mothers

depend upon this gentle, harmless laxative.

Tell your chemist you want 'California Syrup of Figs,' which has full directions for babies and children of all ages. Obtainable everywhere, 1s. 4d. and 2s. 6d. Mother, you must say 'CALIFORNIA.'

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...when you help Nose, Throat, AND Chest

There's a good reason why 'Vick' ends colds extra quickly: This one simple treatment brings relief direct to nose, throat, and chest ALL at once. Just rubbed on, 'Vick' gives off healing vapours that clear the nose, soothe throat, ease coughing. At the same time, like a poultice, 'Vick' "draws out" chest tightness and pain. Try it... for extra quick relief... for children and grown-ups, too.



VICK
BRAND VAPOUR-RUB

8

BOOMERANG

POET: Do you remember my poem which I sent to an editor—the one called I'll Never See Thee Again?

Yes.
Well, it came back.

The Crocodile

It was a wily crocodile
Who danced on the banks of
the Nile.
And as he pranced beneath the
moon
He sang his happy tune:
Oh, Darkies, come and dance
with me,
And see how happy we will be.
But vain was all his guile,
For well they knew what the end
would be
If they went to dance with the
likes of he
On the banks of the River Nile.

CATCH

WHICH sail of a yacht is called
a mainsheet?

The mainsheet is not a sail but a rope attached to the lower corners of a mainsail.

Other Worlds

IN the evening the planet Venus
is low in the west; Saturn
and Uranus are
in the south-
west; and Jupi-
ter is high in
the south. In
the morning
Mars is in the
south-east. The
picture shows
the Moon as it may be seen at
8 o'clock on Wednesday morning,
February 24.

OCCASIONALLY

ASKED the benevolent old lady
of the tramp: "What do
you work at, my man?"
"At intervals, lady," replied
the weary one.

THE BRAN TUB**Jacko Can't Understand**

THE boys noticed an old boat lying on the village pond. "Come on!" Jacko cried, and in they jumped. Jacko grabbed one pair of oars and Chimp the other and began to pull furiously. They made a frightful splashing, but, except for rocking violently from side to side, the boat hardly moved. The boys couldn't understand it. The frogs did. They were laughing like anything. "Look at the sillies!" they cried. "They're pulling against each other." The old boat was laughing too; it laughed so much that it split its sides and burst in half, and the next minute the boys were in the water.

WRY

THERE lives an old lady of Rye
Who is so excessively shy.
"Are you in?" callers shout,
And she says, "No, I'm out."
Or she shudders and makes no
reply.

Do You Live at Amptill?

THE old spelling of this Bedfordshire town is Ammetelle, which means Ant-hill. Probably at some time or another the district was noted for its many ants, and the fact was commemorated in the descriptive name.

SAFETY FIRST

THERE was an old woman
Who lived in a shoe
With far too many children
To know what to do;
But they'd learnt Safety First,
That's the reason, tis said,
All of them always
Came home to their bed.

BROKEN MELODY

SAID the cheerful one: "Yes,
I'm continually breaking into
song."

"H'm! If you'd once get the
key you wouldn't have to break
in," replied the dismal fellow.

The Dreamer

HE used to dream of things he'd
do

When grown to be a man,
Beguiling boyhood's years away
With many an idle plan,

And now, when grown to be a
man,
He knows no greater joy
Than dreaming of the things
he'd do
If he were still a boy.

Cat in a Bag

A MAN carried a bag about in
which he said he had a
cherry-coloured cat. The people
flocked round to see this great
curiosity, but when the man let
the cat out of the bag it proved to
be a black one.

"But you said the cat was
cherry-coloured!" exclaimed the
people indignantly.

"Well, so it is," replied the
man. "Are there not black
cherries?"

**LAST WEEK'S
ANSWERS**

Mystery
Star, tar, arts, rats

Division
24d and 34d

FIRST	LAW
OBOE	SALE
GIBE	MUSE
S	DRAGON
S	FLASH
PARISH	T
IRON	ITEM
RING	NORE
EAT	AGENT

**WHY IS PEACE SO MUCH
SLOWER THAN WAR?**

The Boy
Talks With
the Man

Boy. Why is peace so much
slower than war?

Man. A very interesting question. It is perfectly true that the methods of peace have been slower than the methods of war. Indeed, they are so much slower that when war comes we find ourselves lacking in matters which we could have arranged in peace swiftly and in comfort.

Boy. There must be some great thing that accounts for our slowness to move in peace?

Man. Let me suggest this to you. Human beings are prone to inertia, to letting things slide, to putting off till tomorrow what they are too lazy to do today. This is almost a universal failing. Often the successful man is not really cleverer or more gifted than many of his fellows; it is simply that he knows the value of the advice Do It Now. Let me give you an example of what I mean.

A generation ago building and building materials were very cheap. At that time it would have been possible to abolish the slums at small cost, but we were not moved to do the thing that could so readily have been done. If we had built good homes for the people, our health and wealth today would be enormously greater. The old neglect still clings to us, for now we have to build at great cost the homes which should have been happily in being a generation ago.

Boy. As men are slow in peace, what is the main cause of their being quick in war?

Man. I should put it that there are two main reasons. The first and the nobler is that war presents itself as a means to defend one's country. The second and the less worthy cause is Fear. We find the patriotic statesman uttering eloquent words which call

the people to defend the nation, even while he appeals to their fears, dwelling on the power of the enemy to make them fear their fate if they do not resist him. In some measure these appeals move all men, although they affect different individuals in very varying ways. The statesman in war is wise if he points out that the nation cannot afford to wait, and that promptitude is vital.

Boy. Then it is clear that in peace we must redouble our efforts on behalf of good causes.

Man. Yes; and in doing so we must take up all the weapons of science to make it understood that the questions of peace have as great an urgency as questions of war. Life is at stake in peace, but this is not plain to us. We do not realise that the unnecessary victims of a grave disease kill in a single year as many victims as a great deal of fighting. In the four years of the last war the number we lost in killed was about 800,000 men for the United Kingdom. So, you see, the killed in war amounted to no more than about 200,000 a year, whereas in that same period the number of peaceful deaths in the whole of the United Kingdom was about 600,000 a year, and of these deaths the number due to bad social conditions and unconquered disease was certainly greater than the number killed in war.

It is urgent to build good homes and abolish slums. It is urgent to establish a full medical service for all. It is urgent to endow science with every possible weapon and to establish social security. It is urgent to abolish poverty and unemployment. It is urgent to give a new meaning to the word Education. If we are slow in peace we condemn tens of thousands to death every year.

**Children's
Teeth
in War-Time**

Even in wartime a child's diet must contain a proportion of sweet things for nourishment and energy. But sweet things cause acid-mouth, which encourages the germs which attack and decay the teeth. To protect the teeth a child's tooth-paste should contain plenty of 'Milk of Magnesia,' the most effective neutraliser of mouth acid known. Only in one tooth-paste is 'Milk of Magnesia' brand antacid to be found and that is Phillips' Dental Magnesia, which contains a high percentage.

Children who use this pleasant-tasting tooth-paste have the whitest teeth which are practically free from decay, distressing tooth-ache and disfiguring gaps. Get a tube today.

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